

The Old Commonwealth.

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For the Commonwealth. THE GRANGER.

A granger, a granger, a granger I'll be,
By burling willow leaves I need not buy tea,
I'll split on the pot to blacken my shoes,
I'll pound my dour and also my mead,
For a premature milk that hath not a wheel,
These now fangled mills and millers, too,
Shall be dispensed with, they're near me, you know.

I'll not employ any tradesman near me,
I'll do all my work and my mending too,
I'll neither borrow nor lend, oh! I hear me,
I'll back in the sunlight of the cedar so new,
Why should I scratch in the ground and grovel,
All over the field with pick and shovel,
To ditch, to level, and make it flat;
If a ditch man profits I can't stand that.

But give to myself the last red I earn,
I'll work all day, I don't care a darn
If my breeches are legless and my hat all torn,
For to plow and sow, we've all been sworn;
Then by the sweat of our brows we'll soon gain
The power to rule this large domain,
And once we've the strength the right we'll seize,
And then won't we tan them as we please.

But lest a counter current should rise
To lay low a while we believe to be wise;
Hence we'll be sure not to tell, what we really intend,
That we've got a start and can face the end.

The truth of the matter we don't like to work,
And hirelings you know are beginning to shrink;
And since sweat is required, and they won't lend it,
When we earn a dollar we'll never spend it.

And if we do, it must be to the brethren,
To do otherwise would be like a heathen;
Then by our whole strength there'll be to each man
A place now filled by some middle vender.

And then we'll have them just where they're had us,
And want we make them stir up the dust;
For all it's been these many long years,
Hurrah for the grangers, for the grangers three cheers.

Now brother granger you must be discreet,
Don't talk and talk us into defeat;
For the good you'll reap in future years,
You must stop your mouth and open your ears.

The granger for the present must be in a "head,"
And all that is spoken by him must be said,
Remember dear brethren some money is needed,
Our crop is not plowed nor hatched it been weeded.

And by your profession you all understand
That weeds must be checked all over the land,
Or they will rise up and choke the crop,
And as yet there's no telling where the cat will hop.

When a new lodge you would like to plant
A lot you can get of the nearest merchant,
Of such, as by nature, for grangers will suit,
They ought to be high but not a brute.

Then after you've started the dear little lodge
You must not let the members dodge,
But bring them up in solid array,
All armed with the arguments, they say.

That some far off lodge has just been blessed
With coffee at nine pence, and that the best,
And calico at eight, best colors and white,
You'd better pay "Our Fee" and be supplied.

And by this way you'll find them in,
And they will by their love more brethren win;
And for a while they'll suit you well,
And after that just let them wall.

For all we want is three dollars each
Of everybody then let them reach,
For all that can be will then be done,
And we will then go as do the sun.

And light up some other dark corner,
For we have the money to raise the banner
To fasten some other needy town,
And there we'll raise another band.

And with the same old wall tried stick
We'll stir them up both fast and quick;
And after they, too, shall smell "a nice,"
We'll quit, we're rich, oh! isn't it nice.

A PLEA AGAINST FLIRTATION.

BY A. G. E.

I am an old man now. Eighty years
Have passed over my head. The vigor
Of youth has long since been chilled.
Time has wrought its ravages upon my
frame; my locks have been whitened
by the hoary winters of age, and my
brow wrinkled with the furrows of
many cares. I feel almost upon the
verge of the grave, which seems yawning
to receive my mortal coil, while I
shall have passed to other regions.
But I must stop this strain and go to
the subject; a subject which I approach
with many blushes for the wickedness
of human nature, which like the ser-
pent, has trailed its horrid folds within
the paradise of society since my day,
and its evil effects are too apparent.

The young ladies delight in it; the
young gentlemen of the era—this era
in which all chivalrous feeling and
manly sentiments are no longer cher-
ished, love to while away their leisure
hours in the participation of this prac-
tice, which in the days of yore was
scorned and detested—a practice,
which, in my time, would have dim-
inished the honor of the man, and low-
ered the dignity of the woman. Yet
in this period of enlightenment and
so-called refinement, it is treated as
a matter of trifling importance, and he
or she who gains the advantage, there
the honor, there the praise, there the
applause. "The times have changed
and we have changed with them." Yes,
in the social circle, human reason and
human sympathies seem to be prostra-
te. They have gone. The true at-
tractability of woman is vanishing;
the retired modesty, undistinguished by af-
fection has been laid aside, and bold-
ness of speech has taken its place. Far
be it from me to detract from the vir-
tues of woman; far be it from me to
sully one of the many jewels which
shine with virtuous purity in the "di-
adem of her honor"; but my trembling
hand cannot resist depicting one of
those errors into which they have, no
doubt unconsciously fallen—into which
they have almost imperceptibly been
drifted by the tide of popular opinion—
no one admires woman more than I
do—no one is more ready to recognize
her charms and graces than I. It is
well known that no matter what may
be our condition; no matter if clouds
overhang our pathway, which was once
lighted by the sunshine of happiness
and strewn with rare and lovely flow-
ers, the voice of woman, calm, and
beautiful, is heard amid the commo-
tions around us, and like an angel
spirit, bears us sweet words of com-
fort, and ever leads upward to brighter
and happier days. Many a character,
too, has been redeemed by the potent
influence which they often have over
the minds and hearts of men. Many
a step in the wrong direction has been
stopped by the benignity of a smile.
Her mild reproving eyes rise between
the youth and the wine cup, and put
to blush the evil spirit which often

lurks within his bosom. Would that
her sublime and heaven-sent injunc-
tions were in all cases heeded. How
many manly intellects would be saved
from ruin! How many could rise to
renown, and shine as one of the bright-
est stars in the proud galaxy of fame
and genius, and win the admiration of
all future ages. Yet, in spite of all this,
many of the ladies of the present day
imagine if they could decoy a man; if
they can, by sweet whispers of love,
add more to the number who kneel
with adoration at the shrine of their
beauty, and offer upon the altar of
love their hearts devotion, they have
accomplished the object of life; it is all
they want—it is all they ask.

Tell me, O degenerate sons, if this
be the character of the true woman!
Tell me if this be she who excites your
highest admiration. The answer must
come, if prompted by truth, no! no!

methinks you tell me in simple lan-
guage, that she is the one you like to
associate, with whom you like to pass
much of your time; but it is not the
woman you would like to have as a
companion upon the tempestuous sea of
life, and lend a helping hand to the
turmoils and dangers which may sur-
round you.

I have heard these pleas advanced
in favor of flirtation—it is no harm,
it is agreeable, and therefore allowable,
it is an innocent amusement. If pre-
varication is of no harm, then flirta-
tion is of no harm. If it be agreeable
to crush affections, to cloud the bright-
est hopes, to mar the glowing prospects
of life, then flirtation must be agree-
able. If it be innocent to win af-
fections and love, and then to snap as-
under the silvery threads which bind
heart to heart; if a stroke which drives
to madness or death; if sending stern
and noble specimens of humanity to
an early and ignoble grave be inno-
cent, then I admit that flirtation is
innocent. Its votaries can advance
no argument but what are repugnant
to the dictates of conscience, repug-
nant to all moral truth and divine law.

The dirt, like the siren, wrecks the
bark which bears our hopes of the fu-
ture and our affections. The music of
her voice, sweeter far than the dulcet
notes from the tongue of Apollo, or
the enchanting strains struck from the
lyre of Orpheus. Yet, hid within that
heart must be a sting of remorse—a
sting of conscience, which will, at
times, like a cloud passing over the
bright star of morn, drive away the
smile which lights her beauty. Often
down the streams of life, its banks per-
fumed by the flowers of a Southern
clime, the youth is borne in his tiny
bark, he knows not nor cares not
where.

He listens to the voice of friendship,
and the music of affection's offerings
linger on his ear like the song of che-
rubs. Hope fills his ardent bosom
with high resolutions and noble aspi-
rations; Destiny marks out his course
as one which shall be of glory, where
Fame shall weave around his battle
scarred brow, a wreath, then shall
flourish in immortal bloom. The arch
deceiver, alas! somewhat attracted by
his noble bearing and personal appear-
ance, tunes her harp for his ruin. He
catches the sweet anthems of her voice,
he drifts toward that shore, where
must soon be lost—where his bark
must be shattered, his flowers scatter-
ed in ruins, his most cherished hopes
must die, and he, alas! in order to re-
lieve the burden of his soul and lull
the storm which rages in his bosom,
may be forced to seek the quiet rest of
the grave, where the birds may warble
their sweetest music, and the night-
winds, like the moans of a dying spirit,
sweep over this lowly hillock which
marks his long last resting place.

Such is the picture, though faintly
and briefly drawn; such the effect pro-
duced by this pernicious habit, which
is robbing society of so much of its
purity. Who can truly advocate it,
while contemplating the consequences?
Who can say, without a blush rising
to his cheek, it is harmless?

When I was young, if a courtship
was ever carried on, it was done with
all purity and sincerity of heart. If
there was no mutual love, a discardal,
in the most polite form, the immediate
consequence. I love to reflect how
strictly women, in my day, adhered to
the truth. My memory, as it wanders
over by-gone years, loves to hark
in those visions of peace and happiness
of my early manhood, and I rejoice.

Who know I used to enjoy the society
of women, without feeling myself called
upon to whisper sentiments of love to
her, in order to make myself agreeable
and without the fear of being decoyed
by winning smiles and fair sounding
words—so fair, indeed, that now young
men would be much perplexed wheth-
er to doubt or believe.

The age of sentimentality has gone;
refined and delicate feelings no longer
exist; all true sensibility of principle
and manly opinions have, in the social
circle passed away. Never, more, do
I expect to see the return of those
during the limited period of my existence
on this earth; yet I live in hopes that
the next generation, if not the present,
may be awakened to a sense of their
situation, and that barrier which for-
merly kept the dignity of woman from
being assailed, be re-established and
upon which she once stood, and no
more ruin the heart of man; and if
such a thing is done may she rather
weep than exult, as now, over the fall.

History tells us of Nero, the great
Emperor of Rome, who with unscrup-
pled audacity, fired the imperial city,
and when he beheld all that was grand
—all that was ennobling—wrapped in
flames which seemed to rejoice in their
work of destruction, and to aspire to
reach the spangled orbs of night,
which seemed to grieve, "if aught in-
animate ever grieves," over the demoli-
tion of the city, which had for centu-

ries bid defiance to the proudest em-
pires of earth—a song to Bacchus was
struck from his lyre, whose echoes were
lost amid crumbling columns and fall-
ing arcades; and when all was a smoul-
dering heap, the voice of exultation
and triumph was still to be heard.—
This, "gentle" flirt, might be your picture,
though the situation is far more worse.
You deceive, you kindle the fires in the
human breast, and when you see them
destroying the sacred temple of the
soul, when you see the noble fabric of
intellect is gradually being demol-
ished, you rejoice and call it a triumph,
you exult and call it a victory!

While flirtation is detestable in wo-
men, it is worse in men. The act con-
fers only a stain of dishonor. Man is
more apt to forget a broken vow. His
nature is sterner, he sees more of the
world and is often so occupied with
present affairs, that he may become
oblivious of the past, while woman like
an autumnal flower, must droop and
die.

I once knew a lovely girl of only six-
teen summers. She was beautiful be-
yond description—a beauty which won
the admiration of all who knew her.—
Not a care had ever disturbed her
peaceful breast—not a trouble had ever
brought a tear from her eye. If she
took a retrospect of her life, she beheld
nothing but the pleasures which she
had experienced, and only regretted
their absence. If she looked to the fu-
ture she imagined nothing but a long
vista filled with happy companions and
long-loved friends; and pleasure strew-
ing her choicest flowers along the way
to be plucked at any moment. Alas!
she listened with too credulous ears to
the fallacious hopes of the future. Hu-
man nature in this respect is weak.
So many of us are deceived in the
same way, though experience has
taught us it is useless for mortals to
lay up treasures in the future. We can
only act in the present, the past and
the future is beyond our control.

The destroyer of this beautiful girl's
heart came. She was addressed and
an engagement followed. All, so far,
seemed well. The two appeared en-
amored of each other's loveliness, and
if ever a controversy arose it was soon
quelled and went on as before.

methinks I can see them now, as
they walked the green hills and mossy
banks of the valleys, their thoughts
wandering on the pinnacles of imagina-
tion, far down the long aisles of the
future—talking, dreaming of nothing
but what was to happen, and marking
with impatience the time when they
would be gathered at the sacred altar,
to join hand in hand, which death alone
could unclasp; to pledge heart for heart,
life for life.

The proposed love proved false. He
had won her heart; he had done more,
he had broken it. She could find no
solace, though borne to distant climes
and carried to other scenes. Slowly
and sadly she wasted away; she must
die. All her hopes had faded as Sum-
mer's twilight—all her affections had
been cruelly crushed, her happiness
had passed as a dream. The rosy tinge
had left her cheek—her eyes no longer
sparkled with their usual brilliancy;
their animation had vanished. One
morning in summer I saw the corpse
carried to its long and last resting
place on earth. Behind it walked with
tottering step the aged parent, follow-
ing his only child to the grave, where
he too must soon rest.

In the village church yard may be
seen, beneath a holly tree, a little
mound of mossy turf, over which the
birds now carol their sweetest music,
and the gentle zephyrs seem to breathe
a sigh of pity as they pass along. A
little white marble slab marks the
place where she sleeps in the arms of
an untimely death upon which is in-
scribed these simple words:

"Died of a Broken Heart."

Variety of Religion.

The New York Herald, animated by
the picturesque religious ideas devel-
oped by the Babel trial, and with the
fact staring it in the face that in
New York and its environs is repre-
sented every creed in the universe, and
a thousand creeds of native New York
growth besides, modestly observes:

"Religion in New York is remark-
able for its variety. In countries where
one church is established by law, and
where other churches are forbidden or
at least tolerated, there must be a
monotony of worship. The history of
the Jews illustrates this effect. Re-
quired to worship but one Supreme
Being, they were continually running
off after false Gods—a tendency which
gave the prophets a great deal of trou-
ble. In this city religion resembles
more closely that of the Greek Pan-
theon, wherein a worshipper could
choose any god that he liked, some pre-
ferring Mercury, others Pallas, and
others Diana or Bacchus. The pious
mind must be fastidious indeed if it
does not find in our churches some re-
ligion that will suit it, and if it has
any difficulty in the matter it only asks
upon the advice given by printed pla-
cards in fashionable stores: 'If you
don't see what you want ask for it.'"

Two Davenport girls attempted the
other day to see what men saw so at-
tractive in cigars and whiskey. Re-
fusing to a room they prepared for the
spree, but brought the experiment to a
speedy end by trying the cigars first.

A Kansas paper says:—"A mule kick-
ed an insurance agent in this place on
the cheek the other day. The agent's cheek
was uninjured, but the mule's hoof was
broken."

Your feet are very stylish, said a man
to his friend, whose feet were covered
with bunions. No, not stylish, but ex-
ceedingly nobby, was the good-natured
reply.

A Wife's Curiosity Gratified.

Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs.
White, were conversing about husbands
and the secrets of Freemasonry. Mr.
Brown was a Freemason; and the fact
of not being able to share the secrets
of the order with him made Mrs.
Brown very unhappy. She was por-
ing over her grief to Mrs. White, and
saying for the thousandth time, "I
wonder what they do in the lodge-
room?"

"I have no doubt but it's dreadful,"
replied Mrs. White. "But if my hus-
band was a Mason, I'll bet I'd find out
what he did."

"But how? They dare not tell."
"Ah! but I'd make him tell."
"How? oh, how?" asked Mrs. Brown,
anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell you; but do not
breathe it for the world, because it is a
dead secret."

"No, no, I won't."

"Well, do you know that tickling a
person's ear when they are asleep will
make them talk?"

"No. Will't though?"

"Yes. Now you wait till Brown comes
home from the lodge next time, and
have a broomstick in the bed. When
he gets asleep you tickle his ear with
it gently and he will begin to talk about
what he has been doing at the lodge,
and in this way you can get the whole
of the business out of him."

"Gracious me! You don't say so
Mrs. White?"

"To be sure I do. I always get my
husband's secrets out of him in that
way."

"I'll do it!"

"And you will tell me all about it,
won't you?"

"Certainly. But you must never say
anything about it."

"Oh, of course not. I am very close
mouthed," replied Mrs. White earnest-
ly.

So it was agreed upon and they sepa-
rated. But unfortunately Mrs. White
had overheard the conspiracy, and lost
no time in informing Mr. Brown, who
laughed heartily over it.

A few nights afterwards Brown at-
tended a meeting of his lodge, and his
wife was all anxiety regarding it. On
retiring, she armed herself with a spray
from her broom and wakefully waited
for her lord and master to return. At
last she had almost broken down the
veil of secrecy which had troubled her
so long, and her heart beat wildly when
she heard him open the front door and
come in.

Of course she pretended to be asleep,
and did not see the comical smile on
her husband's face as he turned up the
gas and began disrobing for bed. But
he said nothing, and in a few moments
he was comfortably tucked in and giv-
ing out premonitory indications of ap-
proaching sleep.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes
cautiously and convinced herself that
he had gone to that land from which
sleepy husbands never return until
some time next day. Cautiously she
reached under the pillow, and took the
broom-stick from its hiding place.—
Then she reached over carefully and
began to tickle her husband's ear, and
he was all the while doing his best to
keep from exploding with laughter.

Finally he began to talk a little, and
her ears were keenly alive to every syl-
able.

"Yes, he must die," said he. "He
betrayed our secrets to his wife. I've
got to kill him—the lot fell on me."

Mrs. Brown screamed and leaped
from the bed, while her husband, un-
able to control himself, gave vent to his
laughter and disturbed the neighbors
for the next ten minutes. But they
never came to any understanding about
the strange affair. She never asked
him what he was laughing at, and he
never inquired what it was which
made her scream and leap out of bed
so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't
speak now. She thinks Mrs. White
played a joke on her, and she seems to
have lost much of her anxiety regard-
ing the secrets of Freemasonry.

Origin of the Word "Protestant."

With the month of April is asso-
ciated the derivation and dissemination
in a formal and official manner of
the designation of Protestant. The
Emperor Charles the Fifth called a
Diet at Spire in 1529 to request aid
from the German princes against the
Turks, and to devise means for allay-
ing the disputes growing out of Luther's
rebellion against Catholicism. The
Diet condemned the reformers and is-
sued a decree in support of the doc-
trines of the ancient church. Against
this decree six Lutheran princes and
the deputies of thirteen towns of the
Empire formally protested on April 17,
1530. From this act the designation
of Protestants, which then was given to
the followers of Luther, is derived. The
Calvinists were subsequently included,
and the title became general for all the
sects outside the original Christian
Church. The six protesting princes
were John and George, the electors of
Saxony and Brandenburg; Ernest and
Francis, the two Dukes of Lunenburg;
the Landgrave of Hesse, and the
Prince of Anhalt.

There is a popular superstition
about the figure seven—seven wonders
of the world, seven days of the week,
seventh son of seven sons, &c.; but 8
makes a much more conspicuous figure
in the English language, as for instance
to illustrate how one may dissemin-8
or decon-8 in first-8 style with this fig-
ure dissemin-8 its porta-8 and not ex-
agger-8 as you penet-8 before to L-8
to termin-8 what we have begun to
col-8, lest we are called to elimin-8 we
now termin-8.

What is that which, by losing an
eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

"Home, Sweet Home."

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH PAYNE
WROTE THE SONG.

The Brooklyn Eagle, in reviewing
Howard's life of Payne, says: Mr.
Payne, on one occasion in 1835, while
in New Orleans when questioned on
the subject of the music of "Home,
Sweet Home," told his personal friend,
Mr. James Reed, of Philadelphia, that
the air was not wholly original with
Mr. Bishop, and related the following
pleasant anecdote concerning it. He
said: I first heard the air in Italy.

One beautiful morning as I was stroll-
ing alone, among some delightful
scenery, my attention was attracted by
the sweet voice of a pleasant girl, who
was carrying a basket with flowers and
vegetables. This plaintive air she
trilled out with so much sweetness and
simplicity that the melody at once
caught my fancy. I accosted her, and
after a few moments' conversation, I
asked for the name of the song, which
she could not give me, but having a
slight knowledge of music myself,
barely enough for the purpose, I re-
quested her to repeat the air, which
she did while I dotted down the notes
as best I could. It was the air that
suggested the words of "Home, Sweet
Home," both of which I sent to Bishop
at the time I was preparing the opera
of "Clari" for Mr. Kemble. Bishop
happened to know the air perfectly
well, and adapted the music to the
words." This statement is fully sus-
tained in the letters of Mr. Payne to
Mr. Bishop which are introduced in the
volume.

There have been many ridiculous
statements as to the circumstances un-
der which Mr. Payne wrote the words
of his celebrated song. "Some," says
his biographer, "have stated that he
was residing in London at the time,
without a shilling in his pocket; oth-
ers have stated that 'on a stormy night
beneath the flickering of a London
street lamp, gaunt and hungry, and
without a place to shelter his poor
shivering body, he wrote his inspired
song upon a piece of ragged paper
picked from the sidewalk.'"

This was not so. The letter of Mr.
Payne, above quoted, proves directly
the contrary. We see by his acknowl-
edgement to Bishop of the receipt of
eighty pounds, that he was comfort-
ably situated, when preparing "Clari"
for the stage. We admit that Mr.
Payne never, at any period of his event-
ful life, accumulated any considerable
amount of wealth, but those who know
the state of his circumstances know
that he never was a street pauper.

In a still later communication to Bishop
is another acknowledgement for fifty
pounds on the sum of two hundred and
fifty which he was to receive for the
three dramas entitled "Ali Pacha,"
"The Two Galley Slaves" and "Clari,"
all of which were produced at the Co-
vent Garden Theatre, under the man-
agement of Mr. Charles Kemble.

Mr. Payne has never been "let alone,"
almost everything he ever did has been
doubted, and it is somewhat strange
that his Consulship at Tunis has not
been denied him; but what of that?
Fools have been found that doubted
that Shakespeare wrote his own plays,
and that Poe was the author of the
"Raven," and with all their mooring
of the question, they never could find
any one else who did perform the works.
At one time it was stated by some that
Mr. Payne did not write the words of
"Home Sweet Home!" The assertion
called forth inquiry. Washington Ir-
ving was applied to on the subject, and
his reply was, that he had been unable
to discover who else did, and he could
see no reason for doubting the author-
ship.

Discontent.

Some people are never contented
with their lot, let what will happen.
Clouds and darkness are over their
head, alike, whether it rain or shine.
To them every incident is an accident,
and every accident a calamity. Even
when they have their own way, and,
indeed, consider their most voluntary
acts as matters of compulsion. A child
about three years old was crying be-
cause his mother had shut the parlor
door.

"Poor thing," said a neighbor, com-
passionately, "you have shut the child
out."

"It's all the same to him," said the
mother; "he would cry if I called him
in and then shut the door. It's a pe-
culiarity of that boy, that is if he is
left rather suddenly on either side of a
door, he considers himself shut out,
and rebels accordingly."

There are older children who take
the same view of things.

The ancients did not have the cravat.
This important feature of a gen-
tleman's toilette, this strip of stuff
which costs him more trial and trou-
ble, more primping and patience, than
all the rest of his vestment, was an in-
vention of the Croats. They were first
worn at the French court by some offi-
cers just home from Germany. They
became the sensation of the court and
the saloon. Statesmen, courtiers, coun-
cillmen, beauty, wisdom, and wit, were
at a discount before these men of the
cravat. Nothing short of a whole bat-
terion in cravats could satisfy the fu-
rure. Men dreamed of nothing but
cravats; women adored only the men
who wore them. The battalion bore
the name of "Royal Cravat;" Louis the
Fourteenth was the first French mon-
arch to adopt it.

Robert Collyer says that a Christian
can go to a circus without risk. We
suppose this is true, unless he should
try to ride the trick mule.

Benevolence and feeling ennoble the
most trifling actions.

Weather Rhymes.

The following are some of the old
English rhymes and prophecies of
coming weather. Some of them are
curious, if not correct. Many of them
are so often found true as to be now
considered almost infallible.

When the glow worm lights his lamp,
Then the air is always damp.
If the cock goes crowing to bed,
It's sure to rise with a wet head.

When black snails do cross your path,
Then black clouds much moisture hath.
When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When you see the gossamer flying,
Then be sure the air is drying.
A rosy sunset presages good weather;
A ruddy sunrise bad weather.

A bright yellow sky in the evening
indicates wind; a pale yellow sky in
the evening indicates wet; a neutral
gray color in the evening is a favora-
ble sign—in the morning an unfavora-
ble one. The clouds, if soft, undefined,
and feathery, betoken fine weather.
Deep, unusual lines in the sky indi-
cate wind or storm. More delicate
tints bespeak fair weather.

A rainbow in the morning
Gives the shepherd a warning.

That is, if the wind be easterly, because
it shows that the rain cloud is ap-
proaching the observer. If at sunrise
or sunset the clouds appear of a
lurid red color, extending nearly to
the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms
and gales of wind.

If the moon shows like a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed around,
Soon will we tread on deluged ground.

A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight.

This adage may also be a good sign,
provided the wind be westerly, as it
shows the rain clouds are passing away.

When rooks fly sporting high in air,
It shows that windy storms are near.

The evening red and the morning gray
Are certain signs of a beautiful day.

A DELIGHTFUL AMUSEMENT.—"Gall-
ignani" publishes some details relative
to a fatal bull fight at Madrid. Ac-
cording to the accounts eight bulls,
twelve horses and two men were killed.
Of the latter, the banderillo Mariano
Canet was tossed in the air by the fu-
rious animals, then picked up and
thrown again. His agony did not
last five minutes. He had already two
thrusts from horns in the thigh and
breast, when a final blow in the throat
put an end to his life. A picador, sur-
named El Frances, who had his two
legs broken and three ribs smashed,
lived until the next morning. A sin-
gular circumstance connected with this
affair is that it was organized for the
benefit of a society for assisting widows
and orphans.

THEOLOGY IN COLORADO.—The report
of a sermon by a Fremont county
preacher is worth repeating here:

"Boys, you'll find this life just like a
game of seven up. You want to save
your tens and look out for game, and
never beg when you hold a good hand.
Also, recollect that in the long run low
counts as much as high if it is only a
trump. The devil has stocked the cards,
but just play 'em honest, and when it
comes your deal yer

